

## An Arbor Day Romance

By MILDRED C. GOODRIDGE

It was a cruel act, that of cross-grained, prejudiced old John Marsh, when he parted his daughter and Eustace Lee. They had grown up as boy and girl. They had kissed each other for the first time under two spreading elm trees. She was sixteen, Eustace was two years her senior then. She had blushed, but with happiness. He was all a-thrill with courage, love and hope.

"Bear," he spoke tenderly, "do you remember that Arbor day six years ago when we planted each one of these trees? They were saplings then. Just as they have grown in strength, so has my love for you. Now I am going away. Oh, I hope when I return I will be prepared to take you in my arms as your future husband, just as these growing branches entwine and protect."

"It shall be so if my fidelity can bring that happiness about," pledged Elaine, softly, perfect faith and affection in her true blue eyes.

It was then that, with the vehemence of an onrushing storm, her father came upon them. He thrust the fond lovers rudely apart. Then he burst forth into bitter abuse of young Lee. He taunted him with his poverty, he paraded his own great wealth. He ordered him from the place, never to return.

"As to you," he shouted fiercely at his daughter, "remember your promise to your dying mother that you would never leave me while I lived. Think of one sister, who married a heartless scoundrel and was killed by his neglect. Think of the other, an alien, a



"Quite an Order, Mr. Lee," He Said Briskly.

lonely divorced woman. No, no—not to one your inferior, never to anyone will I allow you to go and leave me unless it be with my curse and disinheriting in my will!"

"My pledge to my mother is still sacred," spoke Elaine simply, but in heart-broken tones. "Good-by, Eustace, my only love! We shall never meet again, but I swear solemnly that of you, and of you only, I shall think until I die."

"And I!" cried Eustace Lee—"the memory of your love I will value and cherish more than all the world of women besides!"

Then a last sight of Elaine fainting in her father's arms, of the malignant scowling face of the old tyrant, and Eustace Lee set out to enter a new life with only the promise of the woman he loved as a guardian to keep him steadfast and true.

It was five years later when he returned to his native village. He had left it an orphan, poor, with his own way to make in the world unassisted. He came back a skilled architect of no little fame. It was to find the old Marsh home burned down, its former occupants reported traveling abroad, in constant search of health for the sour, complaining old man whose money brought him no solace or happiness.

The beautiful grounds lay neglected and overgrown with weeds. They had but one attraction for Eustace. The two trees beneath which he and Elaine, boy and girl, had plighted their troth, had thrived and grown. The spot became a mecca to Eustace. Under the spreading branches he would sit for hours, dreaming of his absent sweetheart, wondering if she had changed, himself so true to her memory that no other woman had ever won him to a smile of fondness.

He doubted if he would ever see Elaine again. He wondered if she had forgotten him and had married. It was like her dictatorial father, with his world worship and money pride, to esteem an alliance with some titled foreigner, and Elaine was beautiful as an houri, and what more natural?

Then Eustace sought to banish the suggestion and ease the pain of his longing by work, hard work. To the town and the district a great many wealthy people had come to build summer homes. His ability as an architect brought him in more work than he could attend to. His force of assistants grew. He made money, but did not change his modest mode of living. Wealth, comfort, luxury without Elaine were as naught.

Eustace had been away for a week, superintending the construction of a clubhouse at a distance, and showed up at his office, to be greeted with a good business welcome from his manager.

"Quite an order, Mr. Lee," he said, briskly. "They are going to build on the old Marsh lot."

"Who are 'they'?" inquired Eustace, his pulses ever quickening at any allusion to the spot where he had first met Elaine.

"Bless me if I know! A city lawyer has the matter in charge. He has carte blanche as to expenditure, he represents. He was a hard customer to suit."

"How so?" inquired Eustace with suppressed but vital interest.

"Made me go over all our plans. Just by chance I happened to unroll that special one you always said would be the kind of a place you would build if you ever got that far, I told him about it. He seemed to take it as an evidence that it must be ideal if it represented your artistic ideas, lugged it away to the city to show his client and was back promptly. 'Build it,' was his simple order. 'Let Mr. Lee give it special attention from start to finish,' and went to the bank and deposited the entire amount of the cost estimate."

Many a time in a task that went on, as in a dream life, Eustace Lee wondered if coincidence, fate, were at work that the home he had blocked out in fancy, always with Elaine as its queen, should have been ordered for the beloved spot so dear to him. Could it be that any of the Marsh family designed to return to the town? He dreamed, he marveled, he hoped.

A great deep longing was in his heart as one evening he stood before the new structure, all finished. Even the grounds had been renovated. There, too, were the two trees, surrounded by a pretty parterre of flowers. Almost the tears came to his eyes, for all this appeared as the fulfillment of the fondest dream of his life.

The lawyer in the city was notified of the completion of the house. Then there came a telegram to the office. The owner of the new home would be down on the evening train and would meet Mr. Lee on the grounds to take possession.

It was a beautiful moonlit evening as Eustace walked from his home in the direction of the new villa. His thoughts were sad, for the work had occupied his mind, it so reminded him of his lost love. The beautiful structure and lovely grounds were irradiated with a liquid light that lent a dreamy effect to the scene. Eustace expected that the lawyer and his client would be about the porch, but found them not.

Then suddenly he gave a great start and stared weirdly in the direction of the two trees. He strained his vision to view a female figure standing directly beneath their branches. It was quiescent, statue-like, yet it seemed to exercise some indefinable influence that drew him towards the spot. Slowly he advanced, nearer and nearer he approached a girlish form robed in white, statue-like in pose; but true blue eyes and a longing smile showed forth from the lovely face.

"Elaine!" he cried in a gasp, and almost reeled where he stood.

She put forth both hands. He was all a-tremble as he inclosed them in his own. She transfixed his gaze. Thus in silence, rapturous, intense, they stood for some moments.

"You—you have returned," he managed to utter, incoherently, at last.

"As you see," responded the sweet tranquil tones of yore.

"And—alone?"

Her glance fell, as her face saddened. A tear stole down her cheek. "My father died six months ago," she said.

"And—others?" he questioned, stumbingly, breathlessly.

"There are no others," responded Elaine. "There was only you. Through all the years I wondered if you remembered our pledge. I came to the city and found—and found—"

"That you alone filled my heart?" cried Eustace. "Oh, my cherished love! Can you not understand that, and, true to the end, had you passed by, my heart would quiver under your feet had it lain for a century dead!"

She turned towards the beautiful house, her face radiant in the white pure moonlight. She drew closer, closer into his sheltering arms, as she murmured rapturously:

"Your home—mine!"

### Didn't See the Joke.

It being the Southerner's turn, he told about a county in Missouri so divided in sentiment that year after year the vote of a single man prohibits the sale of liquor there. "And what," he asked, "do you suppose is the name of the chap who keeps a whole county dry?"

Nobody could tell.

"Mackintosh, as I'm alive!" declared the Southerner.

Everybody laughed except the Englishman. "It's just like a Scotchman to be so obstinate!" he sniffed, and was much astonished when the rest of the party laughed more than ever.

### His Philosophical Way.

"There is a large crayon portrait of your humble and obedient servant hanging on the south wall of our parlor at home," said the Old Codger. "Phoeny had it made unbeknownst to me and gave it to me for a birthday present. I get a good deal of comfort out of gazing at it and realizing that I might be even worse looking than I am. And it caused me to vow the first time I saw it hanging there that I would always behave so that I should never be hanged."

## INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

### Paterson Woman Mothers 15,000 Mill Girls

PATERSON, N. J.—Mothering 15,000 girls ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-five is the task assigned to Mrs. Grace E. Headlin, policewoman of Paterson. Of Paterson's 130,000 inhabitants more than 70 per cent are foreign born or the children of foreign-born parents, and a large proportion of them come from volatile races.



Sixty-five per cent of these girls live away from relatives or close friends. They are employed at monotonous labor all day, and while they turn out beautiful fabrics, the work is a constant repetition of the same motions, and they perpetually see the same machines and the same product. They take the same number of steps forward and back and they tie the same kind of knots in the same way hour after hour until, when the ten-hour task is finished they are almost hysterical.

And then, the cheerless boarding house or the poorly furnished room and a cheap restaurant table, which tend to drive the girls into the streets, where they walk aimlessly up and down because it is the only thing they can do. At best they will be surrounded with dangers, and frequently only by chance do they escape the snares spread for them.

Cheap theaters with questionable plays or acts and moving picture shows attract many, but the one overpowering passion is for the dance. The monotonous daily toil seems to seek relief in some such exciting amusement, and literally thousands of them attend nightly. In many instances the dancing hall is connected with a saloon and is free, or the cost is nominal, the proprietor finding his profit in the beer and liquor sold. There is the peril to those girls. Many of them have no mothers to guide them; others are so far away from mothers that they are really alone.

Mrs. Headlin is very much in earnest. She has made no arrests thus far, but when she has seen a certain sort of man in company with a girl a hint to him has proved sufficient.

She has said that she prefers a horsewhip to a policeman's club. She has even threatened to cowhide some of these men should they refuse to heed her admonition. She says that to cowhide such a man in the street would do more to stop his nefarious work than imprisonment or fine.

### What Art Students in New York's Museum Hear

NEW YORK.—The students of painting who copy the Rembrandts and other paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art are bothered considerably by conversational critics, who get close to their easel and comment on the work before them. One of the girl students was chatting about some of the phases of that kind of practice.

"Some of the museum visitors," she said, "take it for granted that the copyists are stone deaf. One afternoon about a month ago a mastodontic woman with her three mammoth pig-tailed daughters drew up behind my easel, standing so close to me that I could barely move my arms without brushing against one or the other of them. I was copying a Rembrandt 'Portrait of a Gentleman.' One side of the face is heavily shaded, so much so that the eye is barely visible. It was upon this eye that I was engaged when the huge woman said: 'Well, I do declare, if that looney girl hasn't givin' that poor fellow a black eye.' And all four of them tittered in unison. Not long after that an elderly couple, evidently from the country, came up behind my easel. 'Land sakes, Hiram, hadn't that pore gal thin?' said the woman. 'She sure is,' Hiram replied, musingly. 'But I've often heard that these yere artist gals mostly starve while they're gittin' their picter painting eddication.' The woman nudged her husband and whispered something. Then she opened a nice, clean package and took from it a large, comfortable-looking corned beef sandwich, made with homemade bread. 'You pore chil', you look most famished,' she said, as she offered me the sandwich. Did I accept it? Well, I should say I did, and ate it, too. And maybe it wasn't good. They asked me a lot of naive questions about my work and invited me to spend the summer with them."



### Tries to Chop Foot Off His Neighbor's Store

CHICAGO.—This happened in the suburb of Glencoe: Charles M. Dennis owns a candy and tobacco store on Park avenue. He had leased it to a young man named Alfred Lawrence. The store adjoins a hotel owned and conducted by Joseph Kalk. Kalk and Dennis do not speak, as Kalk maintains that the tobacco shop overlaps his property just 12 inches.



Mr. Dennis decided to lay a new sidewalk in front of the store the other day. Mr. Kalk eyed the workmen wrathfully, and turned and went back into the hotel. When he reappeared he carried an ax.

Mr. Lawrence was selling an all-day sucker to a juvenile customer when the ax crashed against the wall, causing a jar of gumdrops and ten Pittsburgh stogies to become embarrassed and tumble off the shelf. Mr. Lawrence ran out to find Mr. Kalk trying to chop out of the store the 12 inches which he claims.

"Oh, my good man," he said, "that can't be done, really it's impossible."

"Can't, eh?" and the ax crashed again. "Can't? I'm going to take my foot off the plagued-taken store right now, and I'll stop for nobody."

So it was that Town Marshal Cooper received the startling information that Mr. Kalk was cutting off his foot in the tobacco store, and he came running to stop such a barbarous thing.

He was immensely relieved to find that no blood had been shed—but he's keeping his eye on Mr. Kalk to see that he "quits trying to make a chop-house out of a tobacco shop."

### "Murphy Night" in Detroit Is a Real Delight

DETROIT.—Out of the night stillness of the corridors of an office building comes the strains of the lighter symphonies and operatic overtures dear to the hearts of every musician. The tones of flute, cello, piano, harmonium, viola, violin and clarinet blend in harmony produced only by artists who have worked together consistently under the guidance of competent directors.

The time is Thursday night, any Thursday, and the place is the fourth floor of the Telegraph building. To the players it is "Murphy's night."

William H. Murphy, multimillionaire and rated as the second wealthiest man in Detroit, has one hobby. It is music. He loves music and loves it as only a true musician can. During most of his leisure hours he sits at the keyboard of a magnificent pipe organ at his home, surrounded by a library of works on music in which he has invested a small fortune. But every Thursday evening he gathers about him a few friends who enjoy music, business men for the most part like himself, and there in the Telegraph building they form an orchestra of string and wind instruments and far into the night play over and over again the classics of the music masters of all times.

It is only a small band of musicians now, about a dozen, composed of professionals, ex-professionals and high-grade amateurs, but the room in which they meet has been completely equipped at the expense of Mr. Murphy with stands, sheet music, organ and piano and accommodations for 30 players.



## GIVE EWES ATTENTION

Too Much Importance Cannot Be Placed on Feeding.

Late Summer Is Trying Time on Breeding Animals—Necessary for Best Results to Keep Flock in Vigorous Condition.

(By W. M. KELLY.)

It has been my experience in handling breeding ewes that one cannot place too much importance upon planning their feeding and management, so that by the time the mating season arrives the ewes will be in vigorous, flesh-forming condition. It is a serious mistake to have the breeding ewes in a poor, run-down and unthrifty condition at mating time.

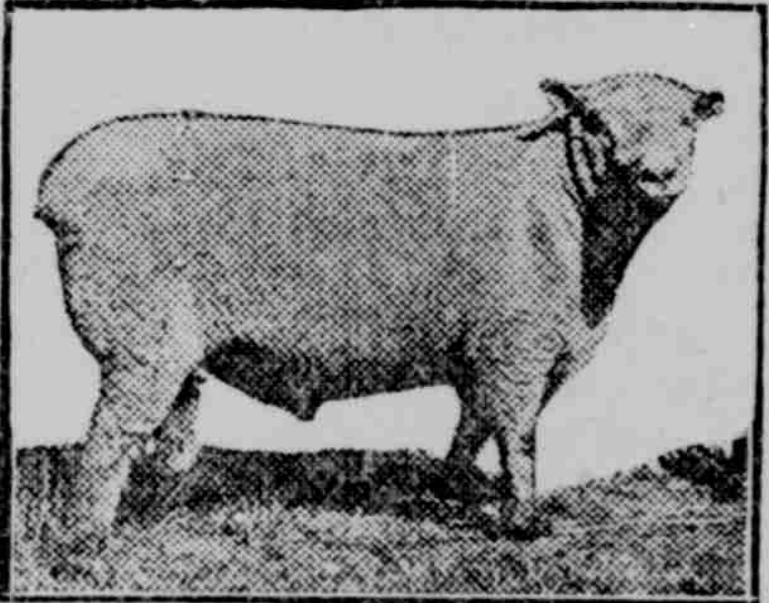
The late summer is a very trying time on the breeding ewes; and unless a man maintains the flock in strong, vigorous condition, deleterious influences are bound to creep in and cut down the annual profits. It is very desirable at weaning time to have an abundance of pasture and supplemental forage crops so that the ewes may be able to recover their normal condition gradually and be ready to be mated as soon as the mating period arrives.

The ewes that produce the best lambs at weaning time are usually the best breeders in the flock and should be given the best food and care. Right here many flock owners make a mistake by disposing of the ewes that show a lack of condition before the mating season arrives.

Ewes that have suckled their lambs well during the summer are sure to be reduced in flesh at weaning time, and every effort should be made to bring them to a strong, vigorous condition before the mating season arrives.

The safest way to judge the value of a breeding ewe is to examine the quality of the lambs at weaning time. In nine cases out of ten we shall find that the best lambs belong to the individuals which are run down in flesh and show a lack of condition when weaning time comes.

Many make a mistake by feeding the ewes a ration of fat-producing foods to hurry along their condition.



Champion Southdown Ram.

but this is not to be recommended except in extreme cases.

During the late summer and early autumn the flock owner should not depend too much upon natural pasture. At this time of year it is impossible to produce good pasture of any kind unless preparations have been made early in the season by sowing forage crops.

With good pasture and forage crops and the addition of a very little grain food, the ewes can be kept in a vigorous, flesh-forming condition until the mating period arrives.



If you want apples to keep well, pick them on bright, cool days.

Remember the hogs need charcoal worse than you need tobacco.

Hens more than three years old have no place in the farm flock.

Four square feet per bird allows plenty of space in the henhouse.

The new, stored corn should be well ventilated or it may mold.

Calves like to use their teeth. That is why the orchard is no place for them.

Keep selecting and pushing the hogs off to market as soon as they are fit.

What the grain grower takes from the soil, the dairy cow in time restores.

There is no need of a henhouse being any higher than one can stand in without bumping his head.

Dairymen can well afford to keep close to home when foot-and-mouth disease is running wild.

Keeping all sizes of pigs and hogs together is responsible for the creation of thousands of unprofitable runts.

Prepare a stable for the calves and yearlings in the sunniest corner of the barn.

Provide some shelter in the fall pasture for the cows to reach when they naturally need it.

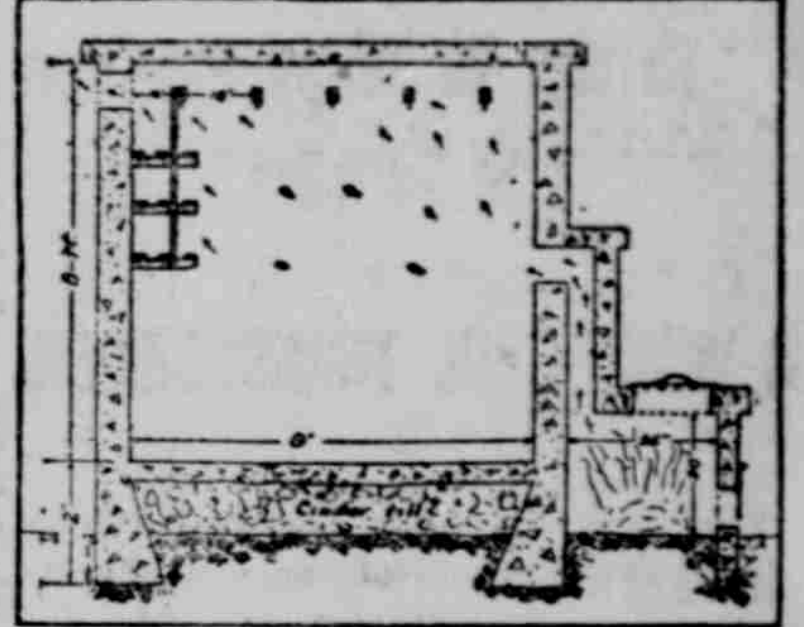
The time to cut alfalfa for hay is when small roots are beginning to appear at the base.

## CURING MEAT FOR HOME USE

One of Essentials for Good Meat Is Properly Designed Smokehouse—It Should Be Fireproof.

Why pay 25 cents a pound for smoked meats when you can smoke it for nothing with a little hickory or maple wood or a few cobs? Not many years ago when most farmers knew how to butcher and cure meats few of them were without a smokehouse and a meat storing room of some kind, writes Leah Ruth Lippincott in Farmers Mail and Breeze. The development of the centralized plant or packing house has caused a great majority of our farmers to lose the art of home curing. It will be profitable, with the present high prices of cured meat and market values of live stock to cure meat for home use or even the local trade.

A properly designed smokehouse is one of the essentials for good meat.



Side Section of Concrete Smokehouse.

This should be a fireproof building. The accompanying figure, furnished by the North Dakota Agricultural college, shows the side section of a concrete structure that is about the right size for the average farm. This house also is suitable for storing meat. It is cool and sanitary. If a good lock and burglar alarm are put on the door the meat will be comparatively safe from thieves.

The fire box is placed on the outside of the building for convenience in controlling and replenishing the fire and smoke. There is little danger of the meat overheating with this arrangement. This house will cost about \$65 with cement at 50 cents a hundred and lumber at \$30 a thousand. This does not include the labor of construction. Here is the bill of material:

Forty-eight sacks of cement, 4 loads (1½ yards) of sand, 8 loads of stone, one door, two 2 by 8 by 12s for door frames, three 2 by 4 by 14s for meat hooks. Lumber for forms: Eighteen 2 by 4 by 10s; sixteen 2 by 4 by 8s; 600 board feet sheathing.

## WELL-TILLED FARM IS BEST

It Is Not Number so Much as Quality and Care Given That Combine to Bring in Net Results.

A few sheep, a small herd of cows, one or two good brood sows, a flock of Plymouth Rocks or Wyandotte hens, and a few turkeys, on a small farm, well cared for, will bring better net results than large flocks, big herds and big droves. It is not the number so much as the quality and the care given that combine the net results; some men think they must have a big farm to make anything; such men often make out of pocket. There is economy in working as much land and growing as many crops as can be well tilled care of, but there is no economy in attempting more than can be well done.

A veteran farmer used to say that he planned his work in the winter so that he would have under cultivation just what could be thoroughly worked with his regular help, and he was usually able to get his work done at the proper time, and was not obliged to slight his work. And he generally managed to have as good crops as any of his neighbors and he did not work hard, either. If farmers would but take a lesson from this, break up less land and spend more time in thoroughly fitting it for the crop they would have time to cultivate it more thoroughly and to harvest it in proper condition and attain larger crops from the small area than they do from the larger.

## EXPERIMENT WITH HOG FEED

Relative Value of Potatoes and Corn Obtained in Test Held at the Wisconsin Station.

The relative value of potatoes and corn as feed for hogs, obtained in a test at the Wisconsin station, is given as follows:

Four hundred pounds cornmeal fed alone produced 100 pounds gain; 262 pounds cornmeal with 786 pounds of potatoes, weighed before cooking, produced the same number of pounds gain.

Professor Henry who conducted the experiments, says: "From this we learn that 786 pounds of potatoes when fed to pigs after being cooked, effected a saving of 178 pounds of cornmeal, 442 pounds of potatoes taking the place of 100 pounds of cornmeal."

Professor Henry in his book "Feeds and Feeding" also says that the Copenhagen station found 400 pounds of cooked potatoes equal to 100 pounds of mixed grains for swine. Since corn has somewhat higher feeding value than the grains used in this test, it is fair to say that 4.5 bushels (60 pounds each) of potatoes after cooking, are equal to one bushel (56 pounds) of corn in feeding pigs.

Sunlight Is Natural Tonic. Sunlight is a natural tonic for the little pigs, and they revel in it.